

Send the children to bed with a kiss and a smile;
Sweet childhood will tarry at rest but a while;
And soon they will pass from the portals of home,
The wilderness ways of their life-work to roam.

Yes, tuck them in bed with a gentle "Good-night!"
The mantle of shadows is veiling the light;
And maybe—God knows!—on this sweet little face
May fall deeper shadows in life's weary race.

Yes, say it:—"God bless my dear children, I pray!"
It may be the last you will say it for aye!
The night may be long ere you see them again;
And motherless children may call you in vain!

Drop sweet benedictions on each little head,
And fold them in prayer as they nestle in bed;
A guard of bright angels around them invite,
The spirit may slip from the mooring to-night.

—Living Epistle.

CHASED BY A PIRATE.

ACTUAL EXPERIENCE OF A BOSTON MERCHANT.

All who have crossed the equator in a sailing vessel cannot fail to recall with pleasure the first symptoms of the coming north-east trade winds. In the belt of variable winds and cats-paws known as the "Doldrums," or "horse latitudes," where a ship often lies becalmed for days, the ocean swell causing the sails to flap against the masts, the patience of the anxious captain is often sorely tried, the mates lose their temper, and Jack himself becomes demoralized by reason of much bracing round of yards, much hauling up of courses, and much rigging in and rigging out of booms. It is then that all hands rejoice at the first symptoms of the coming trade wind; the cats-paws, before uncertain and variable, now seem to be coming in earnest, and the sails begin to fill, and cease flapping against the masts.

It is about eight o'clock in the morning, the hands have scarcely finished breakfast, when the captain, taking a good look over the port quarter and into the binacle, exclaims:

"Here it comes at last; as soon as the men have finished breakfast, turn to and board fore and main tacks, get out the port booms, and prepare to give her all the muslin."

The hands, tired of what they call humbugging, turn to with alacrity, and make sail. The gallant little bark begins to move ahead at the rate of a couple of knots, but before the studding-sails are bent on, she heads off about south-south-west. The captain says:

"Hold on the booms, Mr. Smith; the wind is far to the east, and she won't lay her course."

But the wind seems to be a settled fact, and the ripples under the bow indicate three or four knots. Every sail is critically trimmed for "a good full and nothing off," and the forenoon watch allowed to turn in. The spun-yard muck is rigged; the sailmaker gets to work on a new sail; the carpenter rigs his grindstone and puts his tools in order; the captain gets a sight for a time, and goes down to work out his position, and try to make up his mind as to a "good full" or "close at it," when he hears the cry of—

"Sail ho!"

The mate responds:

"Where-a-way?"

Jack, who is making up the gaskets on the main topgallant yard, says:

"A point before the leebeam; a schooner, hull down, standing the same way."

She is not visible from the deck.

By this time we are going along nearly six knots, the sails are all full and every man aboard feels exhilarated at getting the so-called north-east trade wind, even though it hangs dead at east. The captain and a passenger equally interested in making a good passage, as he is the character of the bark, are walking the quarterdeck, and discussing the open question as to the best longitude to cross the line.

The captain thinks 26 or 28 the right place at that time of the year, say July; while the more experienced passenger, an old China captain, advocates a good full and let her hit the line where she may—let her slide, though she may cross to the leeward of St. Paul rocks.

Jack, on his way down the rigging, keeps the stranger in his eye, and, when he gets to the futtock staff below the top, he reports:

"Can just see the head of his main-sail; a clipper schooner, sir, and gaining fast to windward on the same bearing."

The walkers on that quarter-deck, one owning the vessel, and the other the cargo, look up at the weather leeches, and see that all the sails draw well. Nothing is said, but it is clear that they do not like fast-sailing schooners in that particular latitude.

By 11 A. M., we are going seven knots. The stranger, keeping his bearing exactly, gains straight to windward. He is now hull up, and clearly a rakish Baltimore clipper, with a white "boot-

top." Nearly fifty years ago, such a craft was not rare in that region, bound to the coast of Africa, and many of them were reputed to be pirates when they could not make money out of honest traders.

At noon the stranger is about five miles under the lee beam, and, although heading nearly with us, is evidently making a straight course to speak to us. The captain does not appear to take in the gravity of the situation. The passenger goes up into the mizen cross-trees, with a glass, and takes a good look at the craft. He comes down, and, going below, solicits a private interview with the captain. He opens himself thus:

"Captain D., that's a slaver; I can see his long boat and his pivot gun covered by a tarpaulin. He may be a pirate. He is dogging us. I recommend preparing for him. Get your two weather guns upon the poop, stick out to leeward two logs of wood and black them over; load all the arms; hoist your colors, and if he does not respond by showing the stars and stripes, make up your mind to fight. When all is ready and some sham men stuck up under the bulwarks, run up your weather studding sails, and ease her off a point—if he keeps his luff, all right; if not, he is a rascal. No time ought to be lost; call all hands and go at it."

All hands are called, one of the guns is hoisted on the half poop, three made to show to leeward, fore and main topmast and topgallant studding sails are bent on, booms run out, upper yards slightly braced in; the passenger takes the wheel and hoists the colors. All the others, including cook and steward, man the studding-sail halyards, and they are run up man-of-war fashion.

The course is changed barely a point, and the little bark gathers fresh headway, going good eight knots. The stranger shows Spanish colors, and keeps his course. As we draw ahead, he gradually falls into our wake, now perhaps two miles off.

An immense weight is lifted from the hearts of the crew. We are safe. She is a slaver, but she is not a pirate, strictly speaking. The captain orders the men to get dinner, but the order is scarcely out of his mouth when it is discovered that the schooner has also made more sail, and is running directly for us.

"Hold on dinner, Mr. Smith; get another gun up here; wet the sails. Be handy, boys; he's not honest, and we have got to sell our lives."

Whips are rigged, sails are wetted down, and we cox in the yard another point, the schooner gains slightly.

"Now, captain," says the passenger, "what are you going to do?"

"Fight when he gets nearer."

"I'll tell you what to do. Open the hatches and pitch overboard all domesticities; lighten her as fast as possible, and then perhaps we can beat her going before the wind."

It is done. Sawing off the rails abreast of the fore and after hatch, the men, stripped to the waist, work gallantly, and over went the bales; the captain, mate, passenger, and steward standing by and watching the schooner. Still he gains very slowly, and at about two P. M., is only a mile off, getting his square sail ready to set.

In the meantime he clears away his long-Tom, and, luffing up, fires a shot under our lee quarter, falling far short. The process of luffing and bearing off again has lost him quite a pace, and we keep off still more, getting out our lowest studding sail and discharging cargo with a will.

Still he gains on us, and by five P. M., is within shot; but, feeling sure of us now, he cannot afford to change his course and fire at us.

"Now, captain," said the anxious passenger, "let us give him our two guns; by good luck we may cripple some of his spars. You sight one, and I will the other; aim directly for his fore-top-sail."

We give him two guns, and imagine some result, as he yaws a bit, perhaps to clear the domesticities, going over at the rate of twenty bales per minute. Again we fire, and down comes his fore-top-sail to the cap, but in a very few minutes the damage is made good, and he gains slightly.

Now, at six o'clock, he is only half a mile astern, his main boom well guyed

off, and the death's head and marrow-bone flag plainly seen.

"Now, captain," says the anxious passenger, "try him again. Rake him, and if anything happens, hard up our helm, and jibe him. It can do us no harm, and will put him in irons if he follows us."

We fire, and down comes his fore-top-mast—port our helm—he follows—jibes his mainsail—we right our helm, and go on gaining rapidly, while he fires his long-Tom and hits not.

"Keep her steady south-south-west for a time. He cannot catch us."

In fact he hove to, and amused himself picking up some of our goods. By sunset he was out of sight, and at midnight we hauled our wind, and went on rejoicing in a fortunate escape. Our crew needed no rocking to put them to sleep, and, after fixing our course, all hands, save the captain, mate and passenger, were soon fast asleep.

Never did a crew behave better, and on the return of the bark the underwriter gave the captain a handsome token of approval, and paid willingly the heavy jettison of cargo.—*Com. Bulletin.*

The Influence of Music.

A spider was in the habit of descending by its thread onto the piano of the French composer Gretry, as soon as the latter began to play, until one day he was accidentally crushed. Horses are sometimes agreeably excited by the tone of trumpets, but dogs disagreeably. They usually prefer a simple melody. Cats are also frequently quite enraptured by a plaintive song.

A violinist noticed that a dog near him was especially affected by a certain tune; he howled fearfully, and seemed greatly distressed. The longer the tune was continued, the more did the dog suffer. At last he was seized with fearful convulsions, and the music not ceasing, he finally breathed his last.

In Paris, a musical experiment was tried on two elephants; an orchestra performing above their cage. The female elephant was especially fascinated. They were visibly excited with dance music, so as to bite and grasp the bars of the cage, but were calmed down again with plaintive melodies.

Dr. Chomet, when sitting under the shade of a great tree near Naples, heard a rustling among the dry leaves that made him shudder. It proved to be caused by a number of the small, greenish gray lizards, so common in Italy, evidently attracted by the tune he was humming. This occurred several times, and the lizards were so fascinated by the tones of his voice that they even allowed the singer to touch them.

In Hall's expedition to the Polar Sea, one of the crew found that the porpoises and whales might be attracted by whistling, so as to come within the reach of his harpoon. According to him, they could never resist the fascination of music.

It is said that persons who are deaf, or who stop up their ears, still feel the effect of music in a kind of fluttering at the pit of the stomach or a contraction of the throat—certain tones producing this result more than others. Gretry noticed that his pulse was quickened according to the time of the music he heard. The celebrated singer Malibran, on hearing for the first time one of Beethoven's symphonies, was thrown into convulsions, and had to be carried from the room.

THE RAINBOW AND THE SUN.—A very beautiful rainbow was lighting up the clouds; every one who saw admired it, and so much praise made it vain. "I am much handsomer than the sun," it exclaimed, "for, bright as he is, he has only one color and I have so many." The sun heard this, and, without entering into a dispute with the conceited rainbow, he quietly smiled. Then, hiding his beams in the clouds, he concealed himself for an instant, and the rainbow also disappeared. Persons who are vain and ungrateful forget whose hand it is that made them prosperous. Is it not just that He in His turn should dry up the sources of their prosperity?

☞ The greatest prayer is patience. —*Buddha.*

☞ Good taste is the flower of good sense.

The Death of Oliver Cromwell.

This account of the death of Oliver Cromwell appeared in the government organ of the day—the *Mercurius Politicus* for September 29th, 1658. It was no doubt the first printed intelligence which reached the people outside London of the loss England and the world had suffered. It has a sad interest to us now, as a calm and pathetic record of one of the most memorable events in history. It is also not without some literary value as a specimen of rich and beautiful English, which appeared in the pages of a newspaper at a time when writing in such places was almost always, as far as style went, of the very lowest order:

"Whitehall, September 3. His most Serene and Renowned Highness Oliver Lord Protector, being, after a sickness of about fourteen days (which appeared an ague in the beginning), reduced to a very low condition of body, began early this morning to draw near to the gate of death; and it pleased God about three o'clock this afternoon to put a period to his life. I would willingly express upon this sad occasion the deep sorrow which hath possessed the minds of his most noble son and successor, and other dearest relations, had I language sufficient. But all that I can use will fall short of the merits of that most excellent Prince. His first undertakings for the public interest, his working things along, as it were, out of the Rock, his founding a military district in these nations, such as is not to be found in any example of preceding times; and whereby the noble soldiery of these nations may (without flattery) be commended for piety, moderation, and obedience, as a pattern to be imitated, but hardly to be equalled by succeeding generations: his wisdom and piety in things divine, his prudence in management of civil affairs, and conduct of the military, and admirable successes in all, made him a prince indeed among the people of God; by whose prayers being lifted up to the supreme dignity, he became more highly seated in their hearts, because in all his actions it was evident that the main design was to make his own interest one and the same with theirs, that it might be a subserving to the great interest of Jesus Christ. And in promoting of this his spirit knew no bounds, his affection could not be confined at home, but brake forth into foreign parts, where he was by good means universally admired as an extraordinary person raised up of God, and by them owned as the great Protector and Patron of the Evangelical profession.

"This being said, and the world itself witness of it, I can only add that God gave him blessings proportionable to all these virtues, and made him a blessing to us by his wisdom and valor to secure our peace and liberty and to revive the ancient renown and reputation of our native country. After all this, it is remarkable how it pleased the Lord on this day to take him to rest; it formerly having been a day of labors to him; for which both himself and the day (Sept. 3) will be renowned to posterity, it having been to him a day of triumphs and thanksgivings for the memorable victories of Dunbar and Worcester; a day which, after so many revolutions of providence, high contradictions, and wicked conspiracies of unreasonable men, he lived once again to see, and then to die with great assurances and serenity of mind, peaceably in his bed. Thus it hath proved to him to be a day of triumph indeed, there being much of providence in it, that after so glorious crowns of victory placed on his head by God on this day, having neglected an earthly crown, he should now go to receive the crown of Everlasting life."—*Academy.*

☞ The sexton in a parish church in the county of Armagh, was about to lose his wife. She begged him to bury her in Tyrone, among her own kindred forty miles away. "Indeed, Peggy," said he, "I'll try ye here first, but if ye give any trouble, I'll take ye up and bury ye in Tyrone."

☞ An Irishman who wanted a divorce from his wife, who had deserted him on account of his poverty, was asked by his lawyer if it was a case of incompatibility. "No," said Pat; "it was a case of income-Pat-ability."

She Wouldn't Hood.

In the ladies' waiting-room at one of the depots might have been seen, recently, two women; one young and handsome, the other old and ugly. The various trains rushed in and rolled out, the last passenger train for some hours had departed, but still they sat, these two women.

The day faded into the night. The lamps were lighted. The agent went home, and the many laborers went home. Minutes dragged slowly by, and hours seemed to crawl. The silence was unbroken in the room. Every few moments would the young woman look up at the clock. Finally the old woman broke the silence.

"Goin' away?"

"Yes."

One remark led to another, until they were chatting quite confidentially. The old woman said she was going to "Shi-cagey," and told many things. The young woman, in turn, became communicative, and said her lover was coming in on the midnight train, and that she was going with him to the next station to be married.

"Been engaged long?"

"Three years."

"Your lover in business?"

"Yes."

"Railroader?"

"No."

"Well, I'm glad on it. Never marry a railroad. Is he a soldier?"

"No."

"Well, I'm glad on it. Never marry a soldier. Hotel-keeper?"

"No."

"Well, I'm glad on it. Never marry a hotel-keeper. Travelin' man?"

"No."

"Well, I'm glad on it. Never marry a steamer. Dry goods man?"

"No."

"Well, I'm glad on it. Never marry a counter-jumper. Grocery man?"

"No."

"Well, I'm glad on it. Never marry a peanut vender."

"Who would you marry?" asked the young woman.

"Well, child, never marry a railroad, for he is liable to get killed most any time. Besides, he has such a nice chance to flirt."

"Never marry a military man, for he's liable to go to war and get shot. Besides, his gorgeous clothes attract the attention of the women."

"Never marry a hotel-keeper. My first husband was a hotel-keeper, and fell through the elevator opening and broke his skull. It riles me when I think of that man."

"Never marry a travelin' man, for he's always away from him. Nobody knows what these men are up to when they're away from him."

"Never marry a steamboater. My second husband was a steamboat captain, and got blowed into 4,000,000 pieces. I always get terrible mad when I think of that man."

"Never marry a dry goods man. Dyes in clothes is so injurious. They never live half their days."

"Never marry a grocer. They have such dirty hands. My third husband was a grocer, and such hands as he'd have was 'nuf to sicken a body. He was killed by a molasses barrel fallin' on him. When I think of him I'm completely disgusted."

"Never marry a carpenter. My fourth husband was a carpenter, and fell off a scaffold and was mashed into a jelly. May his old soul sleep in peace!"

"Never marry a machinist. My fifth husband was a machinist. I'll never forget the day when he was brought hum on a board. I didn't recognize him. A belt had come off a pulley and hit him plum in the face, and spread his nose all over his countenance. I promised him on his dyin' bed that I'd never marry another machinist."

Just then the train rolled in, and the old lady asked:

"Child, what business is your lover in?"

"Insurance business."

"O, mercy! You don't mean to marry him! My sixth husband was an insurance—"

But the young woman had gone to meet her lover.

☞ We own only what we use.

A Cure for Melancholy.

Many years ago I started one winter's morning with a horse and cutter on a journey of some thirty miles.

After traveling some few miles I became the prey of melancholy, which increased till I became wretchedly miserable. I could give no particular cause, only a morbid state of the nerves. I moved on in this state of mind till some time near the middle of the day, when I met a stranger who wanted information in regard to the route he was to take to reach a certain point. No sooner did I begin to talk to him than I felt a peculiarly kind feeling spring up in my heart towards the stranger, and experienced a peculiar satisfaction in taking pains to give him the information he needed. On leaving him I found a large share of my melancholy gone.

I went on a little farther and I met a good-natured Scotchman with a yoke of oxen and sled. He took pains to get his oxen and sled out of the beaten road, so as not to force me out into the deep snow with my light rig. This small, generous act called up a response of feeling, a few kind words passed between us, my melancholy was gone, and I "went on my way rejoicing."

When we are melancholy we are inclined to fall back upon ourselves, and feed upon our anguish. But by doing some kind act, our kindlier emotions are aroused and called into play, for the "blues" cannot long exist with kind and sympathetic feeling.—*Observer.*

Effect of Tea on the Skin.

If you drop a few drops of strong tea upon a piece of iron, a knife-blade, for instance, the tannate of iron is formed, which is black. If you mix with iron filings or pulverized iron, you can make a fair article of ink. If you mix it with fresh human blood, it forms with the iron of the blood the tannate of iron. Take human skin and let it soak for a time in strong tea, and it will become leather. Now, when we remember that the liquids which enter the stomach are rapidly absorbed by the veins and absorbents of the stomach, and enter the circulation and are thrown out of the system by the skin, respiration and kidneys, it is probable that a drink so common as tea, and so abundantly used, will have some effect. Can it be possible that tannin, introduced with so much liquid-producing perspiration, will have no effect upon the skin? Look at the tea-drinkers of Russia, the Chinese, and the old women of America, who have so long continued the habit of drinking strong tea. Are they not dark-colored and leather-skinned? When young they were fair-complexioned.

Fashionable Women.

Fashion kills more women than toil and sorrow. Obedience to fashion is a greater transgression of the laws of woman's nature, a greater injury to her physical and mental constitution, than poverty and neglect. The slave-woman at her tasks will live and grow old, and see two or three generations of her mistresses fade and pass away. The washer-woman, with scarce a ray of hope to cheer her in her toils, will live to see her fashionable sisters die all around her. The kitchen-maid is hearty and strong, when her lady has to be nursed like a sick baby. It is a sad truth that fashion-pampered women are almost worthless for all the ends of human life. They have but little force of character; they have still less power of moral will, and quite as little physical energy. They live for no great purpose in life; they accomplish no worthy ends. They are only doll forms in the hands of milliners and servants, to be dressed and fed to order. They dress nobody, and save nobody. They write no books; they set no rich examples of virtue and womanly life. If they rear children, servants and nurses do all, save to conceive and give them birth—and when reared, what are they? What do they ever amount to but weak scions of the old stock? Who ever heard of a fashionable woman's child exhibiting any virtue or power of mind for which it became eminent? Read the biographies of our great and good men and women. Not one of them had a fashionable mother. They nearly all sprang from strong-minded women, who had but as little to do with fashion as with the changing clouds.

Lord Bacon on Study.

"Crafty men condemn studies; simple men admire them; and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them; and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute; nor to believe and take for granted; nor to talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man. And therefore, if a man write little, he need have a great memory; if he confer little, he need have a present wit; and if he read little, he need have much cunning to seem to know that which he doeth not."

Some children are naturally quick and learn with ease; to others a lesson is a hard task. Perseverance can accomplish wonders; so don't grow discouraged, you slow scholars. It is very vexatious to have one's blunders laughed at. This brings up a little story to my mind.

"The Duke of Gloucester, third son of the Prince of Wales, father of George III., was a dull child, and his mother used to cause him great distress at times by jeering at him for his dullness, in the presence of his brothers and sisters; on one occasion she told them to laugh at the fool. The sensitive child held down his head and said nothing; upon which the princess changed her tone, and accused him of sulking.

"No," he said, "he was not sulking, he was only thinking."

"And pray what are you thinking of?" inquired the princess, with increasing scorn.

"I was thinking, said the poor child, 'how I should feel if I had a son as unhappy as you make me.'"

There is another legend of St. John, children, to come back to the beginning of our talk, which, perhaps, some of you have heard. We do not know that such stories are true, but it is pleasant to hear and think of them. The legend is, that when St. John grew to be very old and became too feeble to talk much to the people who gathered together to hear him, he would always say to them, "Little children, love one another." That would be his sermon. It is a good one to hear now.—*Exchange.*

☞ Some men in their uses lie near the earth, and others are near to heaven. Some are as meadow fog which the sun eats up and which disappears with the coming day; while others yet are like the upper clouds which are not known at all until the sun rises, when suddenly they stand forth to sight, great shining revelations of the upper realms.

☞ A Springfield girl, having rebuked her brother for using the term "sweat," the latter bitterly remarked, "When it's a horse, he's sweaty; when it's a man, perspire is the word; but when it's a young lady, like you, she only 'grows.'"

☞ A Scotch professor in the University of Edinburgh was experimenting before his pupils with some combustible substances, when, as he was mixing them, they exploded, shattering the vessel which he held into fragments. He held up a small piece of glass, and said, very gravely: "Gentlemen, I have made this experiment often with this same vial, and never knew it to break in my hands before."

☞ The defects of great men are the consolation of the dunces.

☞ Says an exchange: "Many a young lady suffering from blighted affection and a resolution to die at once, has been jerked from the brink of the grave by reading the announcement of a full opening."

☞ In deciding questions of truth and duty, remember that the wrong side has a crafty and powerful advocate in your own heart.

THE NOVELTY WORK OFF.—As the shades of evening gathered last night, little English, the boot-black, sat down on the post-office steps, pulled a silver three-cent piece from his pocket, and solemnly remarked to the boys:

"Specie payment hain't such a big thing, after all. When a feller has lugged silver around for four or five days he gets sick on it, and he just as lief trade it for script. I think the government is all right, and I'm going to trade this for peanuts."

☞ The best memory is that which forgets nothing but injuries. Write injuries in the dust, and kindness on marble.

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Lecture and Service for Deaf-Mutes.

REV. DR. GALLAUDET is expected to
address the Troy Deaf-mute Literary
Club on Saturday evening, the 28th
inst., and to hold service for deaf-mutes
in St. Paul's Church, Albany, on Sunday,
the 29th inst., at 2:30 P. M.

The Intermarriage of Deaf-Mutes

A REQUEST.

The theory that intermarriage among
deaf-mutes is a prolific source of deafness,
would seem to have received additional
strength from remarks by certain gentle-
men at the Philadelphia Conference of
Principals. In order to supplement the
information on the subject in our hands,
we respectfully ask the Principal, or
some obliging officer of every Institution
or school for deaf-mutes reached by the
JOURNAL, to forward to one of the Asso-
ciate Editors, Fort Lewis Seliney, Rome,
New York, the number of pupils in such
establishment, who are, as far as known,
children of deaf parents.

We also invite every reader of the
JOURNAL to send to the same address
any facts coming under his observation,
bearing on the point at issue.

This is a subject of much importance
and interest, for light upon which the
JOURNAL craves, and which it will grate-
fully and sincerely acknowledge.

Our Trip to the Centennial.

As previously announced, we left for
the Centennial on the 5th of this month,
accompanied by our wife, son Eddie, Mrs.
Grace J. Chandler and daughter, and Mr.
Harley W. Nutting, who lives in the ad-
joining town of Parish, twelve miles
from us. He is a graduate of the New
York Institution High Class. We took
the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western
Railroad at Oswego for Syracuse, where
we staid over night. The next day we
resumed our trip and arrived at Phila-
delphia at 11 P. M., after having passed
through the finest scenery of the Che-
nango, Susquehanna and Lackawanna
Valleys, over the Pocono Mountains,
through the celebrated Delaware Water
Gap, and along the picturesque banks
of the Delaware river by day-light.

We stopped at Mrs. M. C. Van Court's,
on Ogden St., Philadelphia, a very re-
spectable deaf-mute widow, and the
mother of two intelligent grown chil-
dren living with her. We found two
other deaf-mute guests at her house, and
it may not be out of place here to men-
tion that since the opening of the Cen-
tennial her house has been the head-
quarters of several intelligent and respect-
able deaf-mutes from abroad.

For want of space we must give as
brief an account of our visit as possible.

We spent five days in visiting the Ex-
position, one in visiting Girard College,
the Deaf and Dumb Institution, the
United States Mint, Independence Hall
and other places of interest, finishing
with a call upon the venerable grand-
mother of American deaf-mutes, Mrs. S.
F. Gallaudet, on Walnut street, West
Philadelphia.

It is needless to enter into detail of
what we saw at the above-mentioned
places; it is enough to say that we saw
the best, most beautiful and varied pro-
ductions of the world at the Exposition;
the wonderful mysteries of making
money at the United States Mint; the
home-like and excellent arrangements of
the Philadelphia Deaf and Dumb Insti-
tution, situated in the heart of the city;
the revolutionary trophies, and felt a very
patriotic spirit at Independence Hall.

For conducting us through the differ-
ent departments of the United States
Mint and explaining to us the various
modes by which American coins are made,
we are greatly indebted to Mr. Henry
Winter Syle, who has an enviable posi-
tion in one of its departments. For
showing us through the Institution, we
owe many thanks to Prof. T. Jefferson
Trist, and Miss Sophia Knabe. We found
Mr. Joshua Foster, the Principal of the
Institution, a gentleman and a father to
the pupils in every sense of the term,
and Miss Gertrude A. Kirby, the matron,
an intelligent lady of pleasant converse
and winning manners. We understand
that all the pupils are highly enamored
of her on account of her sweet and kind
disposition, always shedding around her
walks a sunshine of cheerfulness. All
the inmates of the Institution, other-
wise than the pupils, are to be congratu-

lated upon having such a valuable matron.

We were present at the morning ser-
vice in St. Stephen's Church, on Sunday,
the 8th inst., on which occasion Mr.
Henry Winter Syle was ordained a Dea-
con, an account of which is given in a
separate editorial elsewhere. At the
service we met with Rev. Dr. and Mrs.
Gallaudet, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew B.
Carlin of Camden, N. J., Mr. and Mrs.
Wm. O. Fitzgerald of New York, Mr.
and Mrs. C. W. Stearns of Wheeling,
W. Va., Mr. and Mrs. George Homer of
Boston, Mr. and Mrs. Washington
Houston of Frankfort, Pa., Misses E.
D. Clapp and Sattie C. Howard of Brook-
lyn, N. Y., Messrs. Joseph O. Pyatt and
T. Jefferson Trist, teachers in the Phila-
delphia Institution, Mr. A. W. Mann
of Flint, Mich., Mr. Jacques Loew, lately
of Vienna, Austria, Messrs. E. E. Miles
and H. A. Rumrill of Syracuse, Moses
Heyman of New York, C. O. Upham of
Waterford, Marcus Kerr and George
Taylor of Jackson, Mich., Wm. R. Cull-
ingworth and A. F. Marshall of Phila-
delphia, and many others.

Immediately after the service, we were
invited, together with quite a number of
other guests, to dinner at the Institution,
and a very excellent one it proved to be.
After the dinner we returned to the
church, where a deaf-mute service was
held by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, who baptiz-
ed a child of deaf-mute parents whose
names have escaped our memory.

On Monday evening, Oct. 9th, a social
gathering met at the Chapel of St.
Stephen's Church, under the auspices
of the Philadelphia Literary Deaf-mute
Association, quite a large number of
deaf-mutes being present. After about
an hour of social intercourse, Mr. Wm.
R. Cullingworth, President of the Asso-
ciation, called the meeting to order
and introduced Mr. Andrew B. Carlin,
who delivered an impromptu address
with the clearness and force of language
which are also characteristics of his
brother John, of New York. Mr. Carlin
made a statement of the wonderful pro-
gress that has been made within the one
hundred years past, compared with the
times preceding that period, and wonder-
ed what still further progress can possibly
be made within the next hundred years,
relying for information upon his idea of
the vast and varied industries and inven-
tions displayed at the Exposition. He
was followed by Dr. Gallaudet, who after
having expressed similar sentiments to
those of Mr. Carlin's, turned his remarks
to the origin, progress and usefulness of
the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, and the per-
plexities of its proprietor in conducting
it with scanty support, closing with an
invitation to its editor, who was present,
to speak, which he accepted, making a
few remarks expressive of his pleasure
in meeting his friends in the Quaker
City for the first time, and showing how
the JOURNAL is printed and what it costs
to carry on the business. Mr. Cull-
ingworth then came forward, and expressed
a warm endorsement of the JOURNAL,
and said he was ready as agent to receive
subscriptions for the paper.

Mr. H. W. Syle succeeded Mr. Cull-
ingworth, and on behalf of Mr. Jacques
Loew presented to the Association two
good-sized pictures which the latter gen-
tleman had received from Europe. They
contain pictures of his friends in groups,
friends and instructors of the deaf and
dumb, and will make nice ornaments for
adorning the walls of the Association's
rooms. Mr. Syle concluded with an al-
lusion to the publication of the *Gallau-
det Guide* and to the cause of its failure
several years ago.

On Tuesday evening, Oct. 10th, Mr.
Syle gave a reception to a few of his
friends at his residence, among whom we
had the pleasure of being included, and
a very pleasant evening was passed. Mr.
and Mrs. Syle, who are blessed with a
fine, bright little child, are living in a
neat, cozy, brick dwelling.

The following evening Mr. Cull-
ingworth, Mr. Loew, and Mr. Marshall called
to see us at Mrs. Van Court's, and we
spent a very pleasant time with them.
Many of our readers are well aware that
Mr. Cullingworth is our canvassing agent
for the JOURNAL, and Mr. Marshall our
Philadelphia correspondent. In Mr.
Loew, who is an intelligent gentleman,
we found a warm friend of the deaf and
dumb, and shall endeavor at some future
time to give a description of the several
prize medals and two grand Crosses of
Honor, he took at the London, Paris
and Vienna Exhibitions for superior ex-
cellence in leather work. He is superin-
tendent of the pocket book and fancy
leather department of the Pocket Book,
Satchel, and Traveling Bag Manufactory
of Messrs. W. Schollenberger & Sons,
Philadelphia.

Thursday morning Oct. 12th, we bade
Philadelphia adieu, and were off for the
great metropolis via the Pennsylvania
Central R.R. We spent only one day in
New York, visiting the Central Park and
other places of note, having but little
time to spare. The next evening we
started for home via the D. L. & W. R.
R., reaching Syracuse the following
morning, when we left Mrs. Rider and
Mrs. Chandler to do some visiting. We
reached home the same day, feeling richly
repaid for going to the Centennial. Mrs.
Rider and Mrs. Chandler have not
returned and must, we think, be enjoy-
ing their visiting so much that it may yet
be some time before they will be home.

In Mr. Nutting we found a very pleas-
ant companion and shall always remem-
ber the many little pleasant, happy in-
cidents we experienced together during our
Centennial trip.

Painful and repulsive fissures in the
palms of the hands, which incapacitate
those afflicted with them from perform-
ing manual labor, can be readily healed,
and permanently so, by washing the
parts affected with GLENN'S SULPHUR
SOAP, which is sold everywhere.

—We find in the October number of
the "Princetonian" an interesting article
on "The Political Carvass in College,"
written by our friend, Henry Mc-

An Interesting Occasion.

THE ORDINATION OF HENRY WINTER SYLE
TO THE DIACONATE BY BISHOP STEVENS
IN PHILADELPHIA.

The eighth of October, 1876, marks
an event of much interest to the deaf-
mute community all over the civilized
world. It marks a change of sentiment
and a step of progress toward a recogni-
tion of the abilities of deaf-mutes to fill
positions in one of the professions to
which they have heretofore been denied.
It may be known that it is not many
years since the very idea of a deaf-mute
in orders, commissioned to work among
his own people, would have been looked
upon with great disfavor. Certain liter-
al interpretations of the Scripture Canon,
as they were often made, gave him to un-
derstand that the entrance to the minis-
try was entirely closed against him. Even
this opinion has been and is still held to
this day. It is not a year since the
Canons of the Church were interpreted
by a certain standing committee so
as to exclude a deaf-mute applicant on
the ground that he could not "read
aloud," not dreaming for a moment the
absurdity of expecting any one to "read
aloud" to those who could not hear.
Happily enough another standing com-
mittee, not troubled with such nice, hair-
splitting distinctions and literal interpre-
tations, arrived at a different conclusion,
and the postulant was admitted.

It is more than a year since Mr. Syle
was received as a candidate for Holy Or-
ders. Beginning the preparatory studies
at once, and pursuing them assiduously,
he found himself ready for the examina-
tion which was as thorough as possible,
conducted by three clergymen. Owing
to illness and pressing engagements, the
Bishop was unable to confer the rite of
ordination on him until October 8th, the
original time set apart for the occasion,
having been some time in June last.

As the exercises on this memorable
occasion will be interesting to those of
our readers who were not present, we
will endeavor to describe the leading in-
cidents.

Shortly before the service began St.
Stephen's Church was filled until all the
sitting room was occupied, and those who
could not find seats were obliged to stand
through the entire service. Many deaf-
mutes, visitors and residents, were pre-
sent and took a natural interest in every
point throughout the proceedings. At
10:30 A. M., the door of the robing room
opened and a procession in the following
order moved toward the chancel: The
candidate in surplice, (which was pre-
sented to him by the deaf-mute members
of the Church as a token of the high es-
teem and affection in which he is held by
them), the clergy following, succeeded by
the Bishops, of whom there were five,
Bishop Stevens closing up the procession.

At the entrance of the chancel, the can-
didate and his presenter and clergy step-
ped aside and allowed the Bishop to pre-
cede and enter first. Those who remain-
ed outside were Mr. Syle and Rev. Dr.
Gallaudet, of New York, who was to
present the candidate. After kneeling for
a few moments, the Bishops and clergy
rose, and the service began, Dr. Gal-
laudet acting as the interpreter throughout.
The lessons read were Isaiah XXXV.
and St. Mark VII., from the 24th verse.

At the close of the morning service, the
Bishop proceeded to read his sermon which
was a historical sketch of the education
of deaf-mutes in Europe and America and
set forth the reasons for ordaining a deaf-
mute to administer in holy things to
those whom God has seen fit to deprive
of hearing and speech. He took the
ground that there was nothing in the
Scripture Canon which could be inter-
preted adversely to conferring holy or-
ders on a deaf-mute, and cited certain
passages therefrom in support of his
decision. In regard to those allowed
by the Levitical Canon to serve in the
priesthood nothing was said against those
that were deaf. Altogether having con-
sidered the matter deliberately and
prayerfully, the Bishop felt that he was
taking a step justified by the needs of a
large class at the present day, and the
capabilities of the present candidate who
had proved himself able and worked faith-
fully. Toward the close of the sermon,
when it devolved upon the Bishop to give
his words of advice and exhortation, Mr.
Syle rose and stood in reverent atten-
tion, Dr. Gallaudet translating every
word spoken which was meant to convey
a sense of the solemnity of the step he
was about to take, and of his duty as a
faithful minister of Christ, to exhibit
in his own life, His virtues, patience
and forbearance. (We understand that
the sermon will be published in pamph-
let form and hope we shall receive a copy
and be permitted to publish it entire in
the JOURNAL.)

At the close of the sermon, the Bishop
re-entered the chancel, and being
seated, proceeded to question the can-
didate according to the established church
form pertaining to the ordination of
deacons. Dr. Gallaudet, who stood be-
side Mr. Syle, repeated his answers oral-
ly. At the close of the formula of ques-
tions, the candidate knelt beside the
chancel rail, and the Bishop, laying his
hands on his head, said: "Take thou
authority to execute the office of a
Deacon in the Church of God committed
unto thee; in the name of the Father,
and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost,
Amen." He then handed to him the
New Testament, saying: "Take thou
authority to read the Gospel in the
Church of God, and to preach the same,
if thou be licensed thereto by the Bishop
himself." Mr. Syle then rose and stepped
inside the chancel and read in signs a
passage designated for the purpose.

The ordination service was followed
by a collection taken for the Church
Mission to Deaf-mutes, and judging from
the size of the audience present, it must
have been quite large. The audience
then joined in prayer for the whole state
of Christ's Church Militant. Those who
remained partook of the Holy Com-
munion, the celebration of which was

made particularly interesting by the
large number of deaf-mute communicants
present. At the conclusion of the service,
the benediction was pronounced and the
audience dispersed. Rev. Mr. Syle then
received the warm congratulations of his
friends in a quiet and modest way. He
will continue to preach at St. Stephen's
church.

The Bishops present on this beautiful
occasion were Stevens, of Pennsylvania;
Elliott, of Western Texas; Bedell, of
Ohio; Perry, of Iowa; and Hellmuth,
Lord Bishop of Huron, Canada. Bishop
Gillespie, of Michigan, was in the au-
dience, but did not take an active part
in the services, having arrived late.
Among the clergy were Rev. Dr. Rud-
der, Rector of St. Stephen's church, and
Rev. Mr. Lewis, his Assistant; Rev.
Dr. Clerc, Rector of Burlington College;
and Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, of St. Ann's
church for Deaf-mutes, New York.

The Itinerizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items
that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to asso-
ciations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the
benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends
and readers will keep us supplied with items for
this column; mark items so sent: *The Itinerizer*.

ONE of the early settlers of New
London, Ohio, is Mr. JAMES MCCLAVE,
who went there in 1832. Mr. McClave
is one of the old graduates of the Ohio
Institution. Ever since his location in
New London he has worked steadily at
his occupation, (shoemaking), and has
acquired a competence, being owner of
two horses and several quite valuable
building lots. For fifteen years he car-
ried on business on his own account, giv-
ing employment to several speaking work-
men, but he now works for the man
who bought him out. His son ROBERT
J., who became deaf at nine years of age
from spotted fever, attended school at Col-
umbus, and is now married and living
with his parents. He showed his appre-
ciation of the JOURNAL by subscribing
for it.

SIDNEY H. HOWARD, of Arcade, N.
Y., contemplates going to the Centennial
in about a week, but is not sure of it.
Curiosity and economy are struggling
against each other. He hopes that his
curiosity will come out triumphant. If so
he intends to return by the New York
Central and visit his old friends.

THE Cherry Valley democrats showed
their colors on Monday, in the display of
a Tilden and Hendricks Banner. It is by
far the best looking banner we have seen
this year. The portraits and lettering
are the work of our townsman, JAMES
EDWIN STORY.—Cherry Valley Gazette,
Oct. 5, 1876.

[Mr. STORY is a deaf-mute and an ar-
tist of considerable skill.—ED. JOURNAL.]

SINCE Mr. R. P. MCGREGOR assumed
the management of the Cincinnati, Ohio,
Deaf-mute Church Society, the member-
ship has increased to such numbers that
other accommodations had to be provided.
They now occupy large, comfortable
rooms in the Central Christian Church
in Ninth street, between Central Avenue
and Plum street.

THE Cincinnati Day School for Deaf-
mutes reopened on the first Monday in
September, with twenty-two pupils in
attendance.

Halifax Institution.

VISIT OF THE PUPILS TO H. M. S. BEL-
LEPHON.

By the kindness of His Excellency,
Vice-Admiral Sir A. Cooper Key, the
inmates of the Institution for the Deaf
and Dumb were yesterday afternoon fa-
vored with a rich treat, in a visit to the
Flagship "Bellaphon." In addition
to other recent proofs of His Excellency's
thoughtful and considerate interest in
the "children of silence," this pleasure
had been promised at the time the school
broke up for the holidays in July last.
Kindly mindful of the expectant young-
sters, notwithstanding the pressure of
other and more important affairs, Sir
Cooper embraced the first opportunity
before leaving for the West Indies, when
most of the pupils had returned from
their summer vacation, to fulfill his
pledge. At the hour appointed, under
the care of Mr. Hutton, the Principal,
and the teachers, the silent party, num-
bering about forty, marched down to the
dockyard steps, where a large boat, man-
ned by sturdy blue-jackets, conveyed
them to the ship, lying out in the stream.

Ascending the steps and arriving on
board, the party were courteously receiv-
ed, and conducted, by orders of the Cap-
tain, all over the noble vessel. The Ad-
miral's and Captain's apartments, the
various decks, from the upper to the
lowest, the gun rooms, armory, midship-
men's and officers' quarters, the sailors'
quarters, the engine room, furnaces, etc.,
were in turn inspected, and the various
objects of interest pointed out and ex-
plained by the officers, the Principal in-
terpreting in sign language for the ben-
efit of his pupils. The mode of working
the massive 12 ton gun, of effecting the
simultaneous discharge of a broadside
of ten guns by electricity, the use of
breach-loading rifles, cutlasses and board-
ing-spikes, the mysteries of the engine
and machinery, and other matters, were
duly noted, exciting the wonder and ad-
miration of the visitors. An amusing
example of sleeping accommodation was
given by rigging up a "hammock," and
hoisting one or two of the little fellows
into it, to let them feel how they would
like a swinging cot. After inspecting
the ship from stem to stern, the pupils
were invited to the Admiral's cabin,
where a further treat awaited them in
the shape of a bountiful tea with cake
and fruit, to which the guests did ample
justice, gratefully appreciating the con-
descension of the ladies of His Excel-
lency's family, who with the Admiral
himself and officers of the ship kindly
waited upon the pupils and administered
to their wants. At the close of the meal
grace was said in sign language by one

of the mutes, and the heartfelt thanks of
the pupils tendered through the Princip-
al to His Excellency for his very great
kindness. After spending about two
hours and a half on board, they took
farewell of their kind benefactors, and
were conveyed ashore by the ship's boat,
delighted with the afternoon's entertain-
ment. The day will doubtless be a red
letter one in the calendar of the Institu-
tion—long and gratefully remembered
even by the youngest recipients of His
Excellency's Christian beneficence.

Interesting Deaf-Mute Service in Utica.

(From the Utica Herald, Oct. 20, 1876.)

A very interesting service was held
at Grace church, last evening, a large
congregation being present, and the sing-
ing by the choir very fine. Rev. Dr.
Thomas Gallaudet, rector of St. Ann's,
New York, was present, to speak in the
cause of deaf-mutes. He had with him
five lady pupils of the Central New York
Institution for Deaf-mutes at Rome, Miss
Mackie, of Clay, Cayuga county; Miss
Beardsley, of Union Springs, Cayuga
county; Miss Mather, of Utica; Miss
Randall, of Palmyra; and Miss Smith,
of Dayton, Cattaraugus county. Prof.
Johnson, ex-principal of the Institution,
was also present.

Rev. Dr. E. M. Van Deusen read the
first lesson, from which it was inter-
preted in the sign language by Rev. Dr.
Gallaudet, who also interpreted the
hymns and prayers. Rev. Dr. Van
Deusen then introduced Rev. Dr. Gal-
laudet, who spoke of the introduction of
the systematic teaching of deaf-mutes in
this country in 1817. The system is not
perfect, but all-sufficient to carry on a
flow of thought. After giving interest-
ing examples of the sign language, the
speaker referred to the new Institution
for deaf-mutes, at Rome, which now has
82 inmates. The Institution is not lo-
cal, but receives pupils from the whole
of central and northern New York. Its
work is now conducted in four build-
ings. The erection of a new building is
the subject now under consideration. It
will cost \$50,000, and the speaker be-
lieved that when the time came the peo-
ple in this section would respond. Deaf-
mutes do not have to have books specially
prepared for them; they read the news-
paper, the Bible and Prayer Book, for
which we should be thankful. Sunday
before last a deaf-mute was ordained a
deacon in Philadelphia, and the service
was very impressive. The speaker spoke
in an interesting manner of the extent
and importance of the work among deaf-
mutes.

He then called on the pupils, who are
all bright, intelligent young ladies, to
write a sentence containing the word
"love." This, of course, they did read-
ily. Miss Kittie D. Beardsley then
repeated the Lord's Prayer in the sign
language. The representation was very
touching and beautiful, but must be seen
to be appreciated. The signs are very
expressive, each of the five petitions clos-
ing with a folding of the hands as if in
prayer.

They were then asked to write some-
thing about their Institution, the ques-
tion being put in the sign language.
From the six compositions, all of which
were well written, we select a speci-
men:

It affords us much pleasure to come
here this evening and welcome those who
have come to see us. We know that
many people think that deaf-mutes can
not learn, but we hope to convince them
that we can. When we first came to
school we did not know anything about
language, but now we can read books
and newspapers, and reading gives us a
great deal of pleasure. Our Institution
at Rome was opened a short time since,
and last year had seventy scholars. It
has now entered upon its second year,
and has eighty-three pupils.

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that we can. When we first came to
school we did not know anything about
language, but now we can read books
and newspapers, and reading gives us a
great deal of pleasure. Our Institution
at Rome was opened a short time since,
and last year had seventy scholars. It
has now entered upon its second

CORRESPONDENCE.

News from the New York Institution.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

Our old place is getting on finely. We began the term with bright prospects, which are at the time I write brighter, if anything, than they were then.

Every now and then some transient deaf-mutes drop in on us on their way home from the Centennial. A few days ago we were favored with one of these short visits from a newly-married couple—Mr. and Mrs. Frank Andrews, of Chicago, who are just now a "honey mooning." They were both educated at the Michigan Institution, where the young lady was known as Miss Allie M. Rose. The young couple made a nice little visit, and in going left behind many well-wishers for their future happiness. Messrs. Marcus H. Kerr and George Taylor, of Michigan, also called. The latter was educated at our Institution before it was removed from 50th St., some 22 years ago. Among others we had the pleasure of seeing Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Cooper, of Watertown, N. Y.; Mr. William Allman, formerly of the National Deaf-mute College; and Messrs. Waters and Mann, at present connected with the same place.

The division of time remains the same as it was last year, and it will be unnecessary to go into details here, since the programme was printed in the editorial columns of the JOURNAL in its review of our last report.

Mr. Weston Jenkins, lately our Professor of Articulation, has charge of the two divisions of the High Class; a post for which he is well fitted. The class consists at present of 12 girls and 16 boys, or 28 all told. Prof. Van Nostrand has the first class of boys, Miss Montgomery the first class of girls, and so on all the way through.

Of late "Old Prob" has seen fit to let us have a little bracing weather as a sort of a reminder that winter is not far off. Last Sunday morning, when we got up we found that old Boreas had been down on a short visit and left us a thin mantle of snow; but, alas! for his long journey from the poles, old Sol found it no hard job to gobble up the result in a jiffy.

Last Saturday evening, the 14th, our venerable Fanwood Literary Association held its annual election. The following ticket was elected by the immense majority of 166 votes out of a total of 179: President—Wm. G. Jones.

First Vice President—Jonathan H. Eddy.

Second Vice President—William B. Magill.

Secretary—Stephen Sinclair.

Treasurer—Rowland B. Lloyd.

Librarian—Edward H. Currier.

Directors—Henry D. Reaves, Chas. W. Van Tassel, Jeremiah W. Conklin.

Readers—John C. Cottman, John Hogan, Albert Ballin.

Subsequently Mr. Sinclair expressed a wish to be excused from serving as Secretary, as he had already performed the duties of that office for one year. His resignation was accepted by a unanimous vote, and Mr. Thomas Fox was elected in his place. A vote of thanks was tendered the ex-Secretary. A motion was made that the Association tender a vote of thanks to the retiring President, Mr. Thomas H. Jewell, and was carried with deafening applause. Mr. R. B. Lloyd, who had been our Treasurer during the last year, then made his report, which showed that our finances were in a gratifying state; that we were the richest association of the kind in the material universe; and that beyond dispute Gen. Grant had made an unpardonable blunder in not making Mr. Lloyd his Secretary of the Treasury.

As a general rule, graduates of our old Institution become pessimists when they leave here; not perhaps in everything, but with regard to their *Alma Mater* in particular. They say there will never be quite so smart or quite so strong a boy as they or their classmates were when at school; or quite so good a crew in the boat or as strong a team at base ball as when they were there; but I am going to tell them a piece of news that I think will sadly disturb their self-complacency. The other day our crack club, the Hudsons, received a challenge from the Burlesques, of Pleasant Valley, over across the river. On Saturday afternoon, the 7th inst., the old Evangeline took them across in spite of white caps and waves that rolled headhigh high. They met the Burlesques and gave them a terrible beating, as the subjoined score shows:

HUDSONS.	BURLESQUES.
MacGill, 2d lb.	Stalder, c.
C. S. Doane, 1st f.	Sand, 1st f.
McPaul, p.	Goldsmith, p.
Slattery, c.	Cutting, 2d lb.
Haydon, 1st lb.	Hoffman, 2d.
Ketchum, c. f.	Rosier, 1st f.
Miller, r. f.	W. A. Emmons, c. f.
N. Brown, 3b.	H. Stengle, 3d lb.
H. Smith, ss.	J. F. Donnelly, r. f.

Mr. Wm. G. Jones, one of our teachers served as umpire. J. C. Cottman was scorer. C. S. Doane of the Hudsons made a couple of very fine running fly catches. J. F. Donnelly and Wm. A. Emmons, two of our pupils, playing as "subs" for the Burlesques, each made a couple of fine fly catches.

On Monday, the 16th inst., we went to the "Fair," which, as our readers know, is the great event of this season of the year at school here. We got up early and were all dressed before seven o'clock, when we had breakfast. At eight we started on the new road, in front of the Institution, just down the bank, and followed it to the "Boulevard," and tramped down that from 155th to 125th street, where the street cars were waiting for us, into which we were mercilessly crammed, some sixty or more to the car. Here it was that Mr. Brainerd, our steward, showed his genius and economy, by stowing away a cool hundred youngsters in a car about 20 by 6 feet in size. A little more than an hour's ride brought us to the fair. Some of us had been to the Centennial, but thought there might

be something here worth seeing. But, no, a slight survey showed that there was nothing surprising there, if I except its magnificent dreariness. In short it was nothing more than a big sample room full of dry goods, groceries, upholstery, etc., and not very fine samples at that. At 2 o'clock sharp, we were gathered up like so many sheep, trotted out of the fair and packed into the street cars again, bound for "home, sweet home." Reaching the Boulevard, we disembarked and trudged back to our old place again in the face of a cutting wind that filled our eyes, ears and noses with dust, compelled us to run races with our tall hats, and made awful havoc with modest maidens' skirts and shawls. Indeed, we have great reason to be thankful that our angel friends proved too substantial to take advantage of their wings on the occasion, and leave us all forlorn.

In the evening the boys and girls had a reunion in the great sitting-room of the latter, which seems to have been the most enjoyable part of the day.

TULLY.
New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Oct. 17th, 1876.

The Virginia Deaf-Mute College.

MALDEN, MASS., Oct. 19th, 1876.
EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.—Dear Sir: Please accept my thanks for a specimen copy of your valuable paper which you so kindly sent me, perhaps to give me a hint that you would always like to receive any communications about the movements of deaf-mutes. Every deaf-mute in the world should subscribe for it. We, the deaf-mutes, should be well posted about items concerning the deaf and dumb.

Allow me to write a communication for your good paper on the above subject. Before I dwell upon it, I want to say a few words about the deaf-mute schools of the Abbe de l'Épée and Mr. Braidwood. It is well known that the first schools established for the education of deaf-mutes were those of the Abbe de l'Épée in Paris, and Mr. Braidwood in Edinburgh, Scotland, both in 1760.

About that time several wealthy families of Virginia sent their deaf and dumb children to Edinburgh to be educated. Among those families were a Mr. Bolling, of Dinwiddie Co., Va., whose deaf and dumb son I had the pleasure of meeting in Staunton, Va., in 1840. I had a pleasant conversation with him, and he told me that he was educated by Mr. Braidwood at Edinburgh. He was a nicely dressed gentleman, and passed for a speaking person. He told me that he was returning home from the White Sulphur Springs, to which he resorted every summer. I found his signs a little different from ours. I have not heard anything about him for a long time.

In 1783, Mr. Braidwood left Edinburgh and removed to Hackney near London, where he taught for many years with great success. He sent his son to Virginia at the request of the Bolling family, and he opened a deaf-mute school somewhere near Richmond. Where he established his school and how long he kept it, I am sorry to say, unfortunately buried in oblivion. He is said to have fallen a victim to the bottle, in consequence of which his school failed. One day he was invited to take tea with a wealthy family, several miles from his home, and while he was crossing a river on horseback, he fell into the water and swam ashore. His clothes were so drenched that he would not visit the family who were expecting him. He was obliged to return home wearing his wet clothes instead of taking tea with the family. Sometime afterwards, he became dissipated, and has never been heard of since. Dr. Watson, now deceased, so long Superintendent of the London Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, was instructed by his father and stood in the same relation to him that Seward did to his master, Abbe de l'Épée, and also that Clero did to his coadjutor, Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet.

Virginia may well boast of having conceived the first idea of establishing the deaf-mute school. The system of teaching the Virginia deaf-mute school was, undoubtedly, so successful that some of the most eminent statesmen talked of making a deaf-mute college a part of the Central College, afterwards the University of Virginia, while the Legislature was agitating the establishment of the Central College. It was established at Charlottesville, in 1825.

I will give you some extracts from the correspondence between Judge Cabell and Thomas Jefferson, the Third President of the United States, on the subject.

JOSEPH C. CABELL TO THOMAS JEFFERSON.

"RICHMOND, Va., 16th January, 1816.

"Mr. Braidwood, teacher of the deaf and dumb, now established at some place on this river below the falls, would come to Charlottesville, Va., and establish himself there, provided he could get such a house as Mr. E—s. How would it answer your purposes, to get an act passed for a lottery to purchase that house for an establishment for the deaf and dumb, as a wing of the Central College."

JOS. C. CABELL.

"THOS. JEFFERSON."

J. C. CABELL TO THOS. JEFFERSON.

"RICHMOND, Va., 23d January, 1816.

"It is barely possible that they may give something to the Central College, for teaching the deaf and dumb. I am endeavoring to prepare the more liberal part for an attempt at an endowment of a professorship of the deaf and dumb. Thus far it is well received; but I may be baffled. I have thought that such a plan might engage the affections of the cold members. Any suggestions from you on this subject would be thankfully received."

J. C. CABELL.

THOS. JEFFERSON TO J. C. CABELL.

"MONTICELLO, Va., Jan. 24, 1816.

"I know of no peculiar advantage which Charlottesville offers for Mr. Braid-

wood's school for the deaf and dumb. On the contrary, I should think the vicinity of the seat of government most favorable for it. I should not like to have it made a member of our College. The objects of the two institutions are fundamentally distinct. The one is science, the other mere charity. It would be gratuitously taking a boat in tow which may impede, but cannot aid the motion of the principal institution.

"Ever and affectionately yours,
"THOMAS JEFFERSON."

From the above correspondence you will readily see that the first American college for the deaf and dumb would have probably gone into operation with the Central College, but for the opposition of Thomas Jefferson, well known as the founder of the University of Virginia. Little did he imagine that he would have a deaf and dumb grandson, who is now a teacher in the Philadelphia Deaf-Mute Institution. The Virginia Institution was established at Staunton, by the State Legislature, in 1838, but it did not go into operation until January, 1840.

I believe I have written all about the above college. It will give me pleasure to furnish you such facts as I think are worth printing in your paper. Would it be well for me to give you at different times an account of my pastoral visits? I will tell you a great many good things which have occurred since the establishment of the Virginia Institution, where I labored for so many years, if you wish. I wish to see your paper well patronized. I had the pleasure of seeing you at the New York Institution when the beautiful pitcher was presented to the late Dr. Peet by his old pupils. With my best wishes, I am,
Yours truly,
JOHN TURNER.

JOHN TURNER.

Vermillion Items.

An Interesting Letter from Iowa.

SWEETLAND CENTRE, Ia., Oct. 17th, '76.

DEAR JOURNAL:—How fast time flies!

It hardly seems possible that two whole months have passed since I came to Iowa, and now October, the most pleasant month of the whole year, is more than half gone. The trees are clothed in their autumnal liveries of various colors. Your readers can have no idea (unless they have been here) what a beautiful country Muscatine is situated in. Some of the loveliest farms one could wish to see, are found here. The city of Muscatine is situated on the banks of the Mississippi river, and boasts of a population of ten thousand or more. It is a very lively, busy city. There is a great deal of lumber—all pine though—sawed here, also stone, both are shipped farther west.

Muscatine is built among the hills; the business part is in a beautiful valley—hills on one side with the river on the other. The Mississippi river seems to be full of islands. I have been on but one—the largest of the group. It is called Muscatine island. The Rock Island R.R., passes over it. The island is twenty miles long and from five to eight miles wide, and is quite thickly settled, has post offices and depots. There are trees all around the edge, while the interior is a regular prairie. It hardly seemed possible that we were all surrounded by water.

There is to be a steamboat excursion up the river, and I intend to go if possible. The climate here is very healthy. The scenery is beautiful. The houses are built rather lower than at the East, on account of the high winds that now and then pass over the State, and prove very destructive to tall buildings. After I have seen more of the country, I can write a much better account of it. Now I will only mention the roads, which are lovely, being just as smooth and hard as a floor, and almost free from dust; indeed there is but little of it. Then we have none of the fastest and prettiest horses to drive over them.

There is one thing more I wish to say, then I will trespass upon your time and space no longer.

While at the depot in Corning, where I have, as some of your readers know, been visiting friends nearly all summer, waiting for the eastern bound train that was to take me to this place, two young men came in. I saw they were making signs; after watching them a few moments, I asked them if they lived in Corning. They said, "no," their home was in Gentry County, Mo. One said his name was Wm. M. Shaw. He was educated at Jacksonville, Ill., and was a farmer, living with his parents. His post office address is Ellenora, Gentry Co., Mo. The other said his name was A. A. Walker, and that his home was sixteen miles from Mr. Shaw's in Gentryville, in the same county. He is a wagon maker by trade, and went to school in Indianapolis. Both spoke of your paper, and wished to see a copy of it. They had seen it mentioned in the *Advocate*, but knew nothing about it. I gave each of them a copy. After looking them over they seemed very much pleased with them, said they were interesting, large and cheap. They were going to visit relatives in this State, and when they returned home they would subscribe for it and try it one year anyway. You will doubtless hear from them. They seemed sensible, honest, intelligent and steady young men, and were very neatly though plainly dressed.

I intend to do all I can for your paper. It deserves success and a large circulation. Just now I can send you but one name. Please send one copy, commencing with next week's edition, for one year, to L. M. Mann, Corning, Adams Co., Iowa. Mr. Mann is brother to our missionary, A. W. Mann. He takes a great deal of interest in the mission work and the mute community in general.

I expect to remain in Iowa till Nov. 1st; then I shall go to Chicago; from there I go to Wisconsin to visit relatives. With best wishes for the prosperity of the JOURNAL, I am one of its many friends.
ELLA.

North Volney, Oct. 23, 1876.

Salem Notes.

The adjourned meeting of the Salem Society of Deaf-mutes, for the election of officers and other matters, was held, Oct. 16, 1876. Much interest was manifested to have the report of the committee appointed to revise the Constitution and By-Laws, who reported that in their opinion a new one was necessary, and that they had carefully considered one which they then submitted to the society for its approval.

Every article was then separately submitted, discussed and unanimously approved, giving much satisfaction to the members.

The following officers were appointed for the ensuing year:

President—H. P. Chapman.

Secretary—H. A. Chapman.

Treasurer—P. W. Packard.

Executive Committee—S. F. Southwick.

All of Salem. So it seems the society is once more governed by Salem members, which is as it should be. At the close a short political meeting was held for the purpose of obtaining the sentiments of the members and other muties present for Governor of Massachusetts, which stood Rice, Rep., 14; Adams, Dem., 6; Baker, Rep. and Prohibition, 1. At the last meeting of the society a presidential vote was called for, which stood, Hayes & Wheeler, 17; Tilden, 3. The presidential tide now seems to have turned and is running down stream for Tilden. Wm. B. Sweet is quite confident of a Waterloo defeat for Hayes & Wheeler. The writer would like to know if he needs a new hat about this time? If he does he can find plenty takes for all he may choose to put up.

MORE ANON.

FASHIONABLY-DRESSED DEMOISELLES,

and to the aged and plainly-dressed woman merely give a shove and say, "Now, old woman, now's your chance." Like their illustrious ancestor, they are not so black as they are painted.

A queer hoax was perpetrated a few days ago upon the President of a life insurance company. A German died, and some wag told his wife that she would not get her insurance unless the President had ocular proof of the demise of the insured deceased. The funeral was already about to start, so the hearse was driven around in front of that wealthy officer's palatial mansion, halted before the door, and the bearers began taking the coffin out. Not knowing what to make of it, Mr. President came out, and, hearing the statement, tried to convince them that the whole story was a fabrication.

After serious trouble he at last persuaded them to go on, but the Germans were heard to mutter that "Dot company vos one-shwindle."

The marriage announcement of the Continental and New Jersey Life Insurance Company is causing much talk. People argue that there is no longer any security in life insurance. You take out a policy to-day in a well-known company, and to-morrow you are sold out to some one else; so that any choice in the matter seems no longer to be left one.

Lord Dufferin has been in New York again. He is very much liked here, and has been entertained both here and in Philadelphia very handsomely. George W. Childs gave him a dinner, and among the guests present were

Sir Edward Thornton, Col. Herbert Sandford, and others. Speaking of Bishop Doane reminds me of a funny thing that happened a good many years ago. He had a favorite god-daughter who was very fond of him. Her father was a clergyman, and there was to be a sort of social synod at his house, over which the good bishop was to preside. Miss Mary, the god-daughter, was anxious to astonish the reverend gentleman, and, taking a cousin into her counsel, begged him to give her some Greek salutation with which to greet her god-father. Her knowledge of Byron was slight, and her knowledge of Greek "nil." Her cousin, a Harvard youth, told her to go up and greet the genial divine with

"A king can make a better knight,
A baron, lord and all that,
But an honest man's above his might."

The fine weather of the past week was the occasion of constant gratitude to the thoughtful, and a happiness to all. These October days, so full of softness and beauty, antedating as they do the chill and storm of winter. We all receive inspiration from the genial air, the sight of the fields crowned with the varied hues of autumn, and the ever sugared thought of the goodness of the being who gives us these golden days, and this abundance for our bodily wants.

GOOSE QUILL.

Vermillion, Oct. 23, 1876.

PARISH.

Tuesday, Oct. 17th, Commissioner Berry was at our place examining and licensing teachers. Not all obtained a license. The questions were plain and practical. The teachers were examined in history and civil government.

Since school meeting applications for schools come in by the wholesale. There are but very few first class teachers. These obtain good wages—the wages of the others are very much reduced.

Last Wednesday evening, Editor Northrop exposed the fallacies of Hon. D. G. Fort's hard money theories, to a good house. The idea of basing our currency upon commodities like gold and silver, which are constantly wearing out, was shown to be untenable. After Mr. Northrop closed his speech, Thomas H. Austin entertained the audience, showing that the people are paying too high salaries and that they ought to be reduced. S. N. Wright, Esq., the chairman of the meeting, also advocated the greenback theory, and the election of Peter Cooper, President.

Parish, Oct. 23, 1876.

NORTH VOLNEY.

The Autumnal Indian Summer with its scepter of golden rod, and crown of tinted leaves, with luxuriance reigns midst a mass of bloom clouds of purple and gold and the waving banners of crimson over fields and vales.

There is to us a regret in the departure of these glorious autumnal days, and as we hear no dirge in the sweet rhythm of the katydid or chirrup of the cricket, yet

"A feeling of sadness and longing
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles rain."

Comes upon us and the anticipation of the days when the doleful organ-pipe of the wind sweeping the naked branches of leafless forests, is not one of pleasure.

The season for mosquitoes, flies and politicians is about over, and the season for new cider, pumpkin pies and apple outs has come.

"This world is not so bad a world
As some would make it,
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EVEN.

North Volney, Oct. 23, 1876.

GOSSIP FROM NEW YORK.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The lovely weather that has succeeded our cold snap sends every one into the streets, and it seems not only as if each individual that could do so added himself to the crowd on Broadway and the Avenue, but that every truck and cart also sought those streets. Have the truckmen more of an eye to beauty than to the interests of their employers, who would like to have their goods rapidly delivered? It would seem so.

Of course they add to the confusion of our over-crowded streets. All along Broadway, at every corner, are stationed policemen to assist the pedestrian across, and woe betide the "bus" driver or truckman who does not heed his signal to stop. City people know this, and ladies especially make use of these aids to crossing. If, however, occasion requires, you will see one cross through the closely driven teams, quietly passing before one, beside a second, and behind a third as coolly as she would walk across her drawing-room floor. Not so the poor bewildered little woman who is not used to a noisy city's din. She makes a half dozen false starts, rushes at last into the thickest of the teams, "bus" drivers draw up short and swear, while a policeman rushes to her rescue in spite of its being an old legend that they only assist

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EVEN.

North Volney, Oct. 23, 1876.

Plain shawls known as Snuggur cashmeres are of real Indian manufacture, and make soft, warm house-wraps. They are in plain light shades, and cost \$18.

Death of Rev. S. Pomeroy and Wife.

The death of Rev. Samuel Pomeroy, which occurred Sept. 12th, was caused by paralysis, after two weeks' illness. He was born in Wilton, Wiltshire Co., England, April 7th, 1796. He emigrated to America, in 1818, landing in New York on the 4th of July. He labored in the Baptist ministry fifty years, preaching his last sermon in July, 1876, from 2d Peter iii, 14th, it being the same text from which he preached his first sermon sixty-two years previously, when eighteen years of age. As a pastor he was beloved by his people, was wise in counsel, fraternal in spirit, a worthy citizen and a kind neighbor. His pastorates in this vicinity were Egremont, Mass., West and East Hillsdale, and Flat Brook, N. Y., preaching at the latter place thirteen years, having resigned five years ago. His funeral and that of his wife were attended at his residence in West Stockbridge, Sept. 14th, by a large and sorrowing concourse, to whom an impressive sermon was preached by their pastor, from 2d Samuel i, 23, "In death they were not divided." Six other ministering brethren were present. His wife, Betsey Curtis, whose death occurred one hour previous to her husband's, of typhoid fever, was the daughter of Dea. S. A. Curtis, of Flat Brook, N. Y. She was born Jan. 11th, 1802, and was married to Rev. S. Pomeroy, Jan. 4th, 1832. She was a humble, devoted Christian, a prudent, faithful wife, a wise, considerate and affectionate mother. She was especially noted for her kindness to the poor, doing it in a quiet, unpretending manner. She possessed a hospitable spirit, ever welcoming to her house the ministers of Christ and took pleasure in ministering to their wants. Her remains, together with those of her husband, now rest in Flat Brook Cemetery.—*Berkshire (Mass.) Courier.*

[Mr. Pomeroy was pastor of the Baptist church in this village, many years ago, and Mrs. Pomeroy has relatives in this town.—Ed. Ind.]

News of the Week.

The attendance at the centennial was the largest, Thursday, it has been on any but Pennsylvania day; the occasion was that of southern States bordering on Pennsylvania.

Three more cadets have been expelled from the Annapolis Academy for refusing to testify against others; the whole class of 50 will be expelled if none of them testify.

Luther Laffin, of Saugerties, the oldest powder manufacturer in the United States, is dead; he was 87 years old.

Twelve whaling ships have been lost in the ice in the North Pacific with part of their crews.

Faithful Unto Death.

A private letter from Augusta, Ga., to a gentleman in Providence, contains a touching narrative of heroism on the part of two young men in the fever-stricken city of Savannah. The writer explains that some business delay is caused by the grievous family affliction of an assistant, and goes on to say: "The death of a young brother in Savannah, Monday morning, has thrown his whole family into the deepest grief—a young fellow, not much more than a boy, who martyred himself for the good of the people suffering with the yellow fever, and himself fell a victim. He was prescription clerk in Linman's drug store there, and when the fever broke out the whole force left but the book-keeper and him. A little later, the book-keeper left, and Charlie ran the whole thing himself, till Linman ordered him, by letter, to close the store. Then, instead of coming home, as his people kept begging him to do, he replied, no. He felt it his duty to stay, and he went to work in Clay's drug store, putting up prescriptions, hundreds per day; no time to rest, no time for dinner. Clay took the fever and Charlie nursed him, but he died. Charlie still ran the store. His cook took the fever, he nursed her, and she recovered. Then a young friend—Symons—He nursed him, and got him up, running the store all the time, day and night. He wrote to his mother: 'I have to get something to eat the best way I can; my cook is down; I have no time for myself, putting up prescriptions all day; when night comes I am so tired I can hardly put one foot before the other; I have not had my clothes off in a week, and I have not brushed my hair in four days.' This although ordinarily he was extremely neat and careful of his person. It sounds like old army times. At last when Symons was up, Charlie took sick. He wrote that he had taken the fever, but was feeling pretty strong and was confident of soon being up and at work again. Telegrams then began to pass, ten or twenty a day, 'Charlie improving; with good care he will come through all right,' and everything looked hopeful, when all at once, 'Charlie is worse,' and he began to sink. Symons nursing him in his turn and keeping up constant correspondence with Augusta by telegraph. Finally telegrams could be passed with difficulty, the telegraph boys refusing to carry the messages in Savannah. It was the worst quarter in the whole city. The last two telegrams received from Symons were: 'I will stick to him to the last,' 'I shall not sleep to-night,' and the brave young fellow kept his word; they both died the same night. Symons had never fully recovered, and wore himself out waiting on his friends."

"What is the worst side of naval warfare?" asked a school-teacher. "The broadside," replied the boy in the back seat. He went up head.

—On Sunday evening last Rev. S. P. Gray gave a very interesting talk to the Sunday-school children of his church concerning the little Hebrew maid mentioned in 2 Kings, 5th chapter.

—Henry Wheeler, of Hubbardston, Mich., is visiting friends in this town, all of whom are very glad to see him. He has been to the Centennial, and he thinks it is a pretty big show.

—Hon. George B. Sloan has been re-nominated as the Republican candidate for Assembly for the First District of Oswego county. Mr. Sloan was nominated by acclamation.

—The Norwich Bulletin says cider is so cheap this year that farmers are paying people fifty cents a barrel to drink it, and able-bodied men are making from one to two dollars a day at this rate.

—A bright little girl, having been asked to write a sentence introducing the word "carrion," presented the following to her teacher: "Bad children often carrion in church, when they ought to be quiet."

—Last Friday evening we were visited by some serenaders, which favor is duly appreciated. To their assurance that "the world will be better a hundred years hence," we affirm that their good singing is making the world better now, and we shall not have to wait for the improvement a hundred years, and we trust that when next they go "rambling, wandering," like the troubadours of old, we may again be favored with the dear old songs.

—The Danbury News says: "This is not only an exciting, but a very interesting political campaign. Woman as well as men have a duty to perform to their country, and they should not shrink from it. They cannot vote or appear in processions, but they can cut the wood and bring up the coal, and thus leave the men more time to talk up matters."

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL
—For 1876—

THE GREAT DEAF-MUTES' PAPER

The Acknowledged Leader OF THE Deaf-Mute Press.

The unprecedented encouragement we have received during the year from the most intelligent deaf-mutes in the country, and from gentlemen, the very leaders of the profession, stimulates us to renewed exertion, and we are determined, as far as the power within us lies, to make

We are ever on the alert for first-class additions to our list, and arrangements are now making by which we hope soon to announce

An Unequalled Corps of Contributors.

The prominent features of the year will be continued, and new ones from time to time inaugurated.

THE FOREIGN DEPARTMENT

so acceptable to our better class of readers, will during the year, be exceedingly rich in varied Foreign Notes.

THE ITEMIZER.

This popular column of personals, will have special and continued attention. We count much on the aid of our friends and readers to keep it supplied with fresh, interesting and new paragraphs.

We shall make the

Journal Progressive

In every sense of the term, and in all respect we shall be fully up to the times. We assure our readers that all we can do shall be done to make the JOURNAL instructive and attractive.

TERMS

Of the Deaf-Mutes' Journal:

One copy one year, postage paid, \$1.50
One copy six months, 75
Clubs of ten, 7

These prices are invariable. Remit in drafts, post-office money orders, or by registered letters. Never send money in an ordinary letter.

Address: DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

THE FOLLOWING WORKS

Published for sale by BAKER, PRATT & CO. Nos. 142 & 44 Grand St., NEW YORK CITY.

Will be sent by mail on receipt of price with ten per cent added for postage.

Peet's Course of Instruction FOR THE DEAF and DUMB.

Elementary Lessons, by Harvey P. Peet, LL. D. Pp. 303. Price 75 cents.

Scripture Lessons, by Harvey P. Peet, LL. D. Pp. 96. Price 30 cents.

Course of Instruction, Part III, by Harvey P. Peet, LL. D. Fully Illustrated. Pp. 232. Price \$1.00.

Containing a development of the verb; illustrations of idioms; lessons on the different periods of human life; natural history of animals, and a description of each month in the year.

This is one of the best reading books that has ever been prepared for deaf-mutes, and furnishes an excellent practical method of making them familiar with pure, simple, idiomatic English. It is well adapted also for the instruction of hearing children.

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Those who bought their coal at the high prices want to use as little as possible. The easiest and surest way to do this is to let your kitchen fire out and patronize the Bakery.

Good news for Widowers, Bachelors and Young Men without homes. A place where you can get garments made and done up in the best possible manner, by experienced workmen. Also shirts made by the dozen or piece, at reasonable prices, at the Mexico Laundry, on Water Street.

TEMPERANCE HOTEL
COR. CLAYTON AND FAYETTE STS.
SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Acknowledged Best \$2.00 Hotel in the State.

1876. FALL EXHIBIT. 1876

JOHN J. HART, OSWEGO, has the pleasure of introducing a REFORM IN THE Dry Goods Trade, BY OFFERING FOR CASH BARGAINS in all the Departments of his IMMENSE STOCK.

DRESS GOODS in all the Latest Novelties.

SILKS—Black and Colored, Suited to the wants of the most economical and fastidious.

SHAWLS, of the Best Makes, in SCOTCH, ENGLISH, FRENCH, and AMERICAN fabrics.

CLOAKS and SACQUES, a Very Desirable Stock, in the Latest Fashions.

FUR BEAVERS & CLOAKINGS, CLOTHS, the Finest ENGLISH and AMERICAN Goods in the market.

CASSIMERES—A Splendid Stock.

Gentlemen's & Ladies' Knit Goods, in All Styles made.

FLANNELS, At the Lowest Price for years.

All Domestic at Bottom Prices

CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, RUGS, MATS, &c., at the Lowest Rates of This Season.

MEXICO DIRECTORY.

C. E. HEATON, M. D., Physician and Surgeon. Office over Thomas' new Store. Special office day, Saturday afternoon of each week. Residence—Pulaski St.

J. U. MANWARREN, M. D. MEXICO, N. Y. Office Jefferson St., opposite Post office. Residence corner of Main and Railroad streets. All chronic diseases made a specialty. SATURDAYS of each week special office days. All calls promptly attended.

Raphael de Cotnonville, M. D., Office 382 N. Salina Street, SYRACUSE, N. Y. Office hours from 8 to 12 A. M., and from 2 to 6 P. M. Will give prompt attention to CHRONIC DISEASES. All letters confidential. 33-ly

Wm. H. HALL, Barber and Hair Dresser. Particular attention paid to Shampooing, and the cutting of ladies and children's hair. Shop on Main street, Mexico.

DR. JAS. ANDREW MILNE, SURGEON. Office, No. 213 West First Street, OSWEGO. Office hours, 9.00 to 11.00 a. m. And from 4.00 to 7.00 p. m. An appointment for any other hour can be secured by making the request by letter. 16

REAL HAIR SWITCHES For sale at A. L. Mason's. Also Madame Foy's patent Corset Skirt Supporter. Mexico, May 19, 1876.

H. H. D. OBSON, Dentist. Nitrous oxide or laughing gas for extracting teeth without pain. All ways on hand. All work warranted and at the lowest living prices. Office over H. C. Peck's store, Mexico, N. Y.

WEBB & COON, ATTORNEYS, SOLICITORS, AND PROCTORS IN LAW, EQUITY and ADMIRALTY. Rooms 8, 9, 10 and 11 Arcade Block, East End Lower Bridge, OSWEGO, N. Y. S. A. WEBB. S. M. COON.

J. D. HARTSON, Attorney and Counsellor at Law. Office over Stone, Robinson & Co's Store Main St.

J. A. RICKARD, Dealer in all kinds of Furniture, South Jefferson Street.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—In pursuance of an order of J. W. Skinner, Surrogate of Oswego County, no claim is to be given to all persons having claims against Horatio S. Kimball, late of the town of Volney, in said county, deceased, to present their accounts, with the vouchers therefor, to the subscriber, at her residence in said town, on or before the twenty-second day of November, 1876, or they will lose the benefit of the statute in such case made and provided.—Dated May 22, 1876. MRS. M. S. KIMBALL, Administratrix.

HAIR VEGETALICIAN HAIR RENEWER

This standard article is compounded with the greatest care. Its effects are as wonderful and as satisfactory as ever. It restores gray or faded hair to its youthful color. It removes all eruptions, itching and dandruff. It gives the head a cooling, soothing sensation of great comfort, and the scalp by its use becomes white and clean. By its tonic properties it restores the capillary glands to their normal vigor, preventing baldness, and making the hair grow thick and strong. As a dressing, nothing has been found so effectual or desirable. A. A. HAYES, M. D., State Assayer of Massachusetts, says, "The constituents are pure, and carefully selected for excellent quality; and I consider it the BEST PREPARATION for its intended purposes." Price, One Dollar.

Buckingham's Dye FOR THE WHISKERS. This elegant preparation may be relied on to change the color of the beard from gray or any other undesirable shade, to brown or black, at discretion. It is easily applied, being in one preparation, and quickly and effectually produces a permanent color, which will neither rub nor wash off. Manufactured by R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N.H. Sold by all Druggists, and Dealers in Medicines. For sale by JOHN C. TAYLOR, Druggist, Mexico.

Ho! For the Centennial AND FOR Penfield's CARRIAGE AND WAGON MANUFACTORY.

IT IS A FACT That the undersigned is now selling his fine stock of Platform Spring Wagons, PHAETON BUGGIES, Open Buggies, LUMBER WAGONS, Cheaper than Ever. all and examine my stock and learn prices, and you will see to your advantage, as am determined to sell at prices to suit the times. All kinds of REPAIRING done with neatness and despatch. GEO. PENFIELD. 30 Main Street, Mexico, N. Y.

NEWSPAPERS OF THE UNITED STATES

A complete list of American Newspapers, numbering more than eight thousand, with a Gazetteer of all the towns and cities in which they are published; Historical and Statistical Sketches of the Great Newspaper Establishments, illustrated with numerous engravings of the principal Newspaper Buildings. Book of 300 Pages, just issued. Mailed, post paid, to any address for 35 cts. Apply (including price) to SUPERINTENDENT OF THE NEWSPAPER PAVILION, Centennial Grounds, Philadelphia, or American News Co., New York.

Syracuse Northern Railroad.

GOING NORTH—LEAVE

	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Syracuse	3 20	12 50	5 00	7 00
Central Square	4 22	1 40	5 55	8 50
Mallory	4 32	1 50	6 07	9 12
Hastings	4 41	2 08	6 15	9 30
Pulaski	4 47	2 15	6 22	9 45
Union Square	4 53	2 17	6 35	10 12
Holmesville	5 07	2 23	6 42	10 28
Pulaski	5 22	2 37	6 53	10 58
Sandy Creek Jn.	5 40	2 55	7 10	11 40

GOING SOUTH—TRAINS LEAVE:

	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Sandy Creek Jn.	9 00	12 05	6 05	4 00
Pulaski	9 17	12 24	6 18	4 42
Holmesville	9 29	12 37	6 30	5 15
Union Square	9 34	12 47	6 35	5 42
Parish	9 45	12 59	6 44	6 00
Hastings	9 51	1 07	6 48	6 15
Mallory	9 58	1 15	6 55	6 32
Central Square	10 07	1 25	7 03	6 51
Syracuse	10 50	2 20	7 40	8 00

The clock in the Superintendent's office at Syracuse is the Standard Time, and will be regulated by New York Central time.

J. W. MOAR, Agent and General Manager
Syracuse, May 31, 1876.

Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg R. R.

1876. Winter Arrangement. 1876

On and after Monday, Nov. 17th, and until further notice, passenger trains will run on this road as follows, (Sundays excepted):—

Leave Mexico, 8.42 a. m.; arrive at Rome, 10.40 a. m.; at Utica, 11.15 a. m.; Albany, 2.20 p. m.; New York, 7.00 p. m.

Leave Mexico 2.15 p. m.; arrive at Watertown 4.07 p. m.; at Cape Vincent 5.00 p. m.

Leave Mexico 8.40 p. m.; arrive at Watertown 8.22 p. m.; at Rome 8.43 p. m.; at Utica, 9.15 p. m.; Albany, 12.40 a. m.; New York, 6.30 a. m.

Leave Sleeping car through to New York.

Leave Mexico, Arrive at Oswego, 6.50 a. m. 8.15 a. m. 12.44 p. m. 1.25 p. m. 3.30 p. m. 4.10 p. m. 7.42 p. m. 8.25 p. m.

LEAVE NEW HAVEN.

Going East— 7.15 a. m. 12.57 p. m. 3.45 p. m. 5.30 p. m.

Going West— 2.01 p. m. 3.45 p. m. 5.30 p. m. 8.25 p. m.

J. W. MOAR, Gen'l Supt
L. T. FRARY, Gen'l Ticket Agent.

IN THE MATTER OF THE REAL ESTATE OF JOHN MOYER, late of Albany, Oswego Co., N. Y., deceased.

The avails of the Real Estate of the said deceased, sold under the order heretofore made in this matter, having been brought into Court.

His ordered, that all persons having any claims or demands against the estate of the said deceased, which have not already been allowed, exhibit and prove the same before the Surrogate of the County of Oswego, at his office in the village of Mexico, in said County, on the 23rd day of October, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, and it is further ordered, that distribution be made among the creditors of the said deceased on the day and at the place aforesaid, or as soon thereafter as the said claims can be examined, and that a copy of this Order be published six weeks successively in the Mexico Independent.

T. W. SKINNER, Surrogate.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK to Francis Thoma, of Volney, Oswego Co., N. Y.; Maryetta Camp, of Van Buren, Onondaga Co., N. Y.; Harriet L. Kennedy, of Granby, Oswego Co., N. Y.; Helen M. Peck, of Jackson, Michigan; John J. Conover, Valley Springs, Dakota Territory.

Heirs and next of kin of Tania Conover, late of the town of Volney, in the County of Oswego, deceased, send Greeting:

Whereas, Sarah J. Druse, of the Town of Volney, in the County of Oswego, has lately made application to our Surrogate of the County of Oswego, to have a certain instrument in writing, relating to real and personal estate, duly proved as the last will and testament of said Tania Conover, deceased; and each of our said heirs and next of kin are hereby cited and required personally to be and appear before our said Surrogate, at his office in the village of Mexico, in said County of Oswego, on the 30th day of Oct. next, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon of that day, then and there to attend to the said will and testament as the last will and testament of said deceased.

In testimony whereof, we have caused the Seal of office of our said Surrogate, of the County of Oswego, to be hereunto affixed.

Witness, Timothy W. Skinner, Surrogate of the County of Oswego, at the village of Mexico, in said County, the 31 day of June, in the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy-six.

C. C. BROWN, Surrogate's Clerk of Oswego County

From W. B. Lynch, M. D., of Auburn, N. Y. I most cheerfully add my testimony in favor of WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY. We have used it in our family, in Pulmonary Affections, Coughs and Colds, and esteem it a most valuable remedy, and have recommended it in various complaints of this nature with invariably happy results. 50 cents and \$1 a bottle. Sold by all druggists.

"STYLE TELLS"

D. McCarthy & Co. SYRACUSE, N. Y.

THE Dress Goods TRADE.

We have been catering for many years to the wants and tastes of the Ladies of a considerable portion of our State; but we never in all our experience—which surpasses that of any other House in the trade in this vicinity—presented to our friends such a perfect

BONANZA OF Beautiful Fabrics!

Now Adorn Our Counters. It is Impossible to Specify.

As the Only Real Direct Importers in the Syracuse Market of FOREIGN DRESS GOODS!

We invite the attention of the Ladies to an assortment of STYLISH DRESS FABRICS Which certainly, outside of New York City, HAS NO EQUAL in the State.

D. MCCARTHY & CO., 49, 51 and 53 South Salina St., Syracuse, N. Y.

Time! Time! TIME!!! NEW FIRM, New Stock and New Tools

Tubbs & Fort, JEWELERS, (In Gait and Castle's Store), MAIN ST., MEXICO, N. Y. Prompt attention will be paid to all work left with us. All Work Warranted. GEO. G. TUBBS, Wm. D. FORT.

MEXICO MARKETS.

RETAIL PRICES OF GRAIN, FLOUR AND FEED:

Flour (retail) Spr'g	\$7.25, red	\$7.50, white	\$8.25
Meal, 1/2 cwt, (retail)			0 00 @ 1 30
Shorths, 1/2 ton			316
Shippings, 1/2 ton			318
Midlings, 1/2 ton			322
Corn			65
Oats			35 @ 40

PRICES PAID FOR FARM PRODUCE:

Butter	20 @ 26
Loose Butter	20 @ 23
Cheese	9 @ 13
Lard	15
Eggs, 1/2 doz.	20
Beef 1/2 lb	65 @ 12
Beef 1/4 cwt.	\$6 @ 87
Mutton, 1/2 cwt.	\$6 @ 87
Pork, 1/2 barrel, retail	\$21
Pork 1/2 cwt.	\$7 @ 87 1/2
Apples, (dried), 1/2 lb	14
Ham, 1/2 lb	10 @ 12
Dried Potatoes, 1/2 lb	60
Potatoes, 1/2 bush	60
Dried Hides, per lb	5

\$5 To \$20 per day at home. Sample worth \$1 free. Syracuse 10-ly

Mexico Academy.

Fall Term OPENS Tuesday, Aug. 29

Special facilities are afforded for instruction in all the branches taught in the best institutions of this grade.

For rooms, circulars, &c., apply to CHAS. E. HAVENS, Principal.

Or LEWIS MILLER, Mexico, June 26, 1876.

BUY PIRRUNG'S Scrubbing Machine OF Goit & Castle.

This Mop cleans the floor and takes up all the dirt water into a box, without kneeling, stooping or wetting the hands. It differs from the Rubber Mop in having a box to receive and hold the dirty water until emptied, and is the only machine in the world which possesses that advantage.

NO CLOTH IS NEEDED. With it one person can do more work and it better, than five can with any other Mop.

Every Family Needs One. Saloons, Stores, and Offices in using it save its cost every week. Hotels will not be without them, and buy them by the Dozen. It is made of the very best material, is durable and lasts from three to five years. It saves more hard work than a Clothes Winger, that costs from \$5 to \$6. Price, \$2.00 each. For sale by GOIT & CASTLE, Mexico, June 6, 1876.

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The Wells Tea Company

Importers of Pure China and Japan Teas, 201 Fulton St., P. O. Box 4560. NEW YORK.

The Wells Tea Company

SUPPLY TEA TO STOREKEEPERS, in original packages, at lowest import prices, as per sample sent on application.

THE WELLS TEA COMPANY

SUPPLY TEA TO DRUGGISTS, GENERAL DEALERS, and OTHERS, packed in handsome sealed packages of one pound each, in cartons of the same capacity, and in 5 lb., 10 lb. and 20 lb. boxes. Full particulars on application.

THE WELLS TEA COMPANY

SUPPLY TEA TO PRIMAIRIES in half pound and one pound bags, plain or printed, at more liberal discount than is given elsewhere.

THE WELLS TEA COMPANY

SUPPLY TEA FOR CLUB ORDERS, and allow a larger commission than usual, and in all cases guarantee the quality of our goods. Forms sent when required.

Send for circular and please say under which of the foregoing heads you desire particulars, so that we may send you all the information necessary without further trouble.

THE WELLS TEA COMPANY

Is one of the largest and most reliable houses in the trade; all parties requiring Tea in quantity will do well to send their orders direct. 47-im

Nine Per Cent.

Loans on improved farms in Southern Michigan, worth three times the amount loaned, secured by verified clause mortgages, each principal and interest payable at any place the mortgagee may name. These mortgages bear interest at the rate of NINE (9) PER CENT. per annum, interest payable annually. During the past seven years have not foreclosed a mortgage. First-class references and full particulars furnished on application. Correspondence solicited. Address C. C. PEAVEY, Battle Creek, Mich.

Time! Time! TIME!!! NEW FIRM, New Stock and New Tools

Tubbs & Fort, JEWELERS, (In Gait and Castle's Store), MAIN ST., MEXICO, N. Y. Prompt attention will be paid to all work left with us. All Work Warranted. GEO. G. TUBBS, Wm. D. FORT.

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Potatoes, 1/2 bush	60
Dried Hides, per lb	5